

## Until The Fifth Drink

or so I am not very good company because  
everyone looks like my father, a man who  
has never touched himself below the waist  
or taken a drink of  
anything.

But as the clock moves and my turn comes  
to buy a round, I begin to relax: I know  
what time old folks go to bed. So I watch  
the fights, bait the gridiron catechist.

But as the clock moves, I begin to dread the  
last call: what if he is outside, anyway,  
parked around the corner in his Godmobile  
angry with me for keeping him up, thirsty  
for my salvation.

I might have a chance if he burst into some  
dim saloon at 9:00 p.m. but outside on the  
deserted street with only the indifferent  
sky for a witness

he would show no mercy.

## Pets

I shoot the dogs that come to  
me when I call, strangle  
pussycats that eat what I  
offer. Birds that sing in  
my cage end up with their  
throats cut.

I have a snake that refuses  
to eat, lying away from the  
lamp and the leaves, eyes  
turned in, looking the  
length of him.

He is my favorite.